

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP,
BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

THE MOTHER AND HER BOYS.

There are Fairfax and Fred, and Arthur and Ned,
Good boys, and remarkably clever;
In studies and sports, and games of all
sorts,
To excel in their noble endeavor.
And when poring o'er books with studious
looks,
Despairing of help from a brother,
The eldest of all will not scruple to call
For aid from his bright little mother.

In out-of-door games, every one of them
claims
Her presence to strengthen and cheer
them,
For the better their luck, and the greater
their pluck,
They say, if their mother is near them.
With hearty good will and wonderful skill,
She champions one or the other,
And the boys oft declare, with a satisfied
air,
There's no better playmate than mother.

She joins in their walks, and delightful the
talks,
Most sacred and sweet the communion
The mother enjoys, as she strolls with her
boys,
So loving and loyal their union.
Their future careers, their hopes and their
fears,
They would not reveal to another,
Are confided to her; and the lady all aver
The best of companions is mother.

She shares in their games, and in all of
their aims,
Their faults and their follies correcting,
That they may grow wise and secure the
best prize,
True culture and courage reflecting.
And if quarrels take place, as at times is
the case,
Alas! betwixt brother and brother,
She soon sets them right, preventing a
fight,
For there's no better umpire than mother.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

SEVEN SEMINARY GIRLS.

T a small table in
the rear of the
seminary dining-
room seven fresh-
men sat the first
evening of the
opening term.
They gazed pen-
sively at the table,
mentally compar-
ing its plain white
tea-set and prim
little plates of
bread, butter and cold meat with the
dainty appointments and tempting food
of the tea-tables in their several homes.

"My friends," said Kate Hicks, im-
pressively, "we are gathered about this
festal board, which, under the circum-
stances, I might call 'The Woman's
Board,' to celebrate our entrance into
this excellent institution. But when you
think of it, she dropped her oratorical
manner, "are not we ourselves the
bored? I, for one, wish that I had
remained at home, an ignoramus, feast-
ing on whipped cream and angel cake."

The laugh that greeted this attempt
at wit served to break an awkward sil-
ence, and soon the group were chat-
ting merrily.

"Girls," proposed Elizabeth Kingsley,
"let's agree to keep together as long as
we stay at Lowrie."

"We are seven," said Sally Rand, sol-
emnly. "Let us never admit an eighth."
"Fun, friendship and frivolity; to
these we pledge ourselves," chimed in
Molly Reed.

"To the long life of 'The Woman's
Board,'" cried Kate; and thus was
formed a club which, six months later,
was generally recognized as a strong
influence in the school. Many a girl
longed to join it; but "The Woman's
Board" insisted that seven was a per-
fect number, and refused to add to it.

When these girls were juniors a new
girl appeared at the seminary, and in
their class—a tall, shabbily-dressed girl,
with a pale, resolute face and a haughty
manner.

"Her name is Harriet Fancher," an-
nounced Belle Simpson.

"Her father was a missionary in In-
dia before he died, and Harriet's going
to be one, too, just as soon as she is edu-
cated," added Sallie Rand.

"Poor thing!" said Bess Kingsley,
the class president. "She must be lon-
ely, so far away from her friends. I'm
going over to speak to her."

"I'm not going to wait for an intro-
duction," Bess said, cordially, as she
reached the stranger, who was bending
over a lexicon in the schoolroom, al-
though it was recreation hour. "I'm
Elizabeth Kingsley. Don't you want to
meet some of the girls? It's too bad
to interrupt your Latin, but we are
all anxious to know you. Come, please
do!"

Harriet Fancher looked at the out-
stretched hand, and answered, coldly:
"Thank you, but I have no time for
social pleasures. I am here for higher
things."

Bess flushed to the roots of her pretty
hair as she withdrew with a murmur
of apology. She walked slowly down
the corridor to her room, where Sallie
and Katie awaited her.

"I got unmercifully snubbed, that's
all," said Bess, quietly, in answer to
their questions. "Let's not talk about
it."

The girls asked no more, for Bess's
word was law with them, but Sallie
shook her fist at an imaginary Harriet
Fancher, muttering: "You mean old
Pharisee! You'll wait long for your next
invitation from the board!"

After that few girls ventured to make
any friendly advance to the new girl.
Trained from babyhood to one great
purpose, Harriet could find no room in
her life for any other interests. Her
dead father was the only person whom
she had ever really loved, and now she
hugged to her lonely heart the life-
work which he had left her, and tried
to satisfy with the hunger of a
strong nature.

A course at Lowrie would fit her for
her work, and when an aunt offered her
the money for this purpose she accepted
it, and left her home in India for two

years of school life. Absorbed in
dreams of self-renunciation, the life of
the butterfly girls about her seemed
frivolous. She watched Elizabeth
Kingsley carefully throw down a dol-
lar in payment for a bunch of roses,
and thought: "What wicked extrava-
gance! What good I could do if I had
half that she wastes upon flowers and
confectionery." She did not notice that
Bess showered her sweets on such of
her friends as had less pocket money,
and by her gifts of rosebuds or frag-
rant violets lightened many an hour
for little lame Polly Harris, and the
shabby, beauty-loving French teacher,
Mlle. Buret.

"Belle, there's a board meeting to-
night in Kate's room," said Bess to
Belle Simpson, one day in the hall.

"I'll be there, Queen Bess, you may
be sure," said Belle, and walked on.
As she passed a door Harriet Fancher
came forth, her dark eyes lighted up
with pleasure.

"Excuse me, Miss Simpson, but I
overheard your words. Is there a
branch of the 'Woman's Board' here?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Belle, mischiev-
ously. "We meet to-night with Miss
Hicks."

"Of course I wish to join it. I'll try
to meet with you to-night." Harriet
turned back to the schoolroom. Belle
fairly danced away in enjoyment of
her joke.

Eve found the seven gathered in
the large room which Kate Hicks shared
with Molly Reed. In the middle stood
a table spread with crackers, olives,
jam and cookies, with seven dainty cups
awaiting the chocolate which Kate was
concocting.

"Girls," said Belle, lazily, from her
steamer chair, "would you like to ad-
mit a new member?"

"No!" "Never!" rose a chorus.

With provoking deliberation Belle
proceeded: "Because—we've had—an
application."

"Belle, you tease, you are making this
all up," said Grace Mitchell.

"Indeed, I'm not. Harriet Fancher
spoke to me about it this afternoon,"
replied Belle, in an injured tone.

"The girls' faces were a study."
"The impudent, audacious!" but
then came a rap at the door. It opened,
and the surprised girls saw Harriet
Fancher.

"Excuse my coming," she said, a little
confused at the startling hush of the
group, "but I know I am welcome at
any meeting of the Woman's Board, be-
cause of our common sympathy."

She paused, but the girls seemed
dumb with amazement, except Bess
Kingsley, who came to the rescue.

"Miss Fancher, it is we who should
apologize for not letting you know that
our board is just a little social club,
and not for missions at all. But we are
glad to see you, and—won't you sit down
and have a cup of chocolate and a little
chat? We are all juniors, too, so we
have a common sympathy, after all."

Bess, sorry for Harriet's embarrass-
ment, forgot everything else in her ef-
fort to put her at ease, and her cordial
words were echoed by the others.

But Harriet, feeling hurt, only re-
plied, stiffly: "It is I who should apolo-



"EXCUSE MY COMING."

gize, surely. You must pardon my in-
trusion," and withdrew.

After she had gone Kate scolded Belle
for her practical joke. Belle, while she
could not control her laughter at its
success, protested that she did not ex-
pect that Harriet would come.

As the days went by, Harriet grew
more and more reserved, and the girls
gave up all attempt to gain her friend-
ship; yet they could not but admire
her ability as a student. Elizabeth
Kingsley had been for two years with-
out a rival in her class; now she found
Harriet a dangerous candidate for the
first place.

"It's no use to try for the junior prize
for the best debater," mourned Sallie
one day. "Bess Kingsley is sure of it."

"Unless—there's Harriet Fancher, you
know," suggested Kate, doubtfully.

"The idea of her beating Bess!" cried
Belle, indignantly. But soon the whole
class realized that the contest would
be close.

Early in April Bess Kingsley went
to Prof. Raymond's office to consult
with him about the junior reception,
the great social event of the year at
Lowrie. Prof. Raymond, who was the
principal, met her with a hurried, "In
a few minutes, Miss Kingsley. Please
be seated. I'll not detain you long."

Saying which, he withdrew into the
inner office.

Some one, closeted with him, was
talking in low, earnest tones. Bessie
seated herself before the fireplace, and
fell into a day-dream of reception fa-
vors and party gowns, until suddenly
she heard a passionate cry: "Then I
must give it all up, at least for a time.
Prof. Raymond, you will think me child-
ish, but you can't know what this de-
lay means to me!"

Bess wondered if she were dreaming,
as she recognized the voice of Harriet
Fancher. Could that cold, self-con-
tained girl be all but sobbing in the next
room?

The professor made some response
in soothing tones, and Bess heard a

door open and close, as the visitor with-
drew.

The professor himself appeared a
minute later, with his usual courteous,
controlled manners, but Bess thought
he seemed troubled.

"Prof. Raymond," she said, impul-
sively, "I am sorry, but I could not help
bearing a little. May I ask—could you
tell me, is Miss Fancher in trouble—or
oughtn't I to ask?"

"There is no objection, I think," he
replied, after a little hesitation. "It
will soon be known throughout the
seminary. Miss Fancher's aunt has just
died, and with her death her payments
for Miss Harriet's education end, and
she must postpone her cherished plans,
and teach for awhile before going on
with her studies here. Now, for the
junior plans, please, Miss Elizabeth."

At dinner that day Miss Fancher was
in her place, paler than usual, but con-
trolled, though there was a suspicious
redness about her eyes.

When the board came to Bess's room
in the evening, to discuss the reception,
she made no response to their knocks,
but continued to lie on her bed in the
darkness, engaged in "a good think."

"There ought to be some way to help
her," she thought. "But how?" Then,
"But she is so disagreeable! And the
girls won't want to help. And—and—
if she leaves now, I am sure of the prize
for debate."

She flushed with shame at this
thought; she felt the hot color mount
as she lay in the dark, and she said to
herself: "Elizabeth Kingsley, you con-
temptible creature, are you so mean as
that?" But a moment later, she added:
"Why need I trouble myself about this
girl who has snubbed me so systematic-
ally?"

The next morning her mind was made
up. A hastily-summed meeting of
the board found her pale and tired,
but with a new light in her eyes. And
with a little tremble of sympathy she
told what she had heard about Harriet
Fancher.

"O, Bess, do you think that we can
help her?" cried the girls, unani-
mously.

"I felt sure you would say this," re-
plied Bess, gratefully. "I have a plan,
but I'm afraid you may not like it."

"Go on Bess," cried Kate. "Your
plans are usually not half-bad."

Bess made a mock courtesy to this
compliment.

"Well, you know, the reception comes
next month, and we are planning for
some pretty gowns and gloves and fine
feathers, and most of us will spend
\$75 or \$100 before we get through with
it. Papa will count himself lucky if my
bills come within that, for I've been
preparing his mind for two years. Well,
my dears, I shall ask him for this money,
but there will be no new gowns for
this child."

Bess paused, and the girls were silent
for a minute. "Elizabeth Kingsley, do
you mean that you, the junior's pres-
ident, intend to stay away from the re-
ception?" Belle asked, tragically.

"Why, no! I shall go in the simple
muslin gown which the heroine always
wears in novels."

"Bessie, you are an old jewel!" cried
Sallie, while Kate went up to Bess and
kissed her softly.

"No, girls, I came near being very
mean and cowardly about this," said
Bess; but Belle placed her small hand
over Bess's lips, and the board set up
three vigorous cheers for the junior's
president.

"What my president does, I shall do,"
said Belle.

"And I!" "Me, too!" chimed in the
others.

Bessie's blue eyes glistened. "Girls,
you make me proud of my class," she
said.

"What an odd whim of the Woman's
Board to wear those plain white gowns,"
remarked many a student at the recep-
tion. But the board kept their own
counsel, and gave to Prof. Raymond a
roll of bank notes labeled: "For Miss
Fancher, from her friends."

It took all the professor's tact to
persuade Harriet to take the money,
but she finally consented, and her pale
face was radiant as she went about
her work. The girls forgot their old
prejudices as they felt her softened
manner, and greeted her with their first
cordiality.

When the prize debate took place the
subject chanced to be the relative im-
portance of home and foreign missions.
Bess spoke with ease and natural grace
in her defense of home missions, but
the dark-eyed girl who had lived and
worked, suffered and buried her dead
in a foreign field, spoke with burning
eloquence, and carried her audience
with her. And Bess was the first to
congratulate the victor, and graciously
took second place.

It was many years before Harriet
knew why the seven had appeared in
simple muslin dresses at the junior's
reception, but long before this she had
learned to appreciate these girls, who
seemed so gay and easy-living, but were
at heart so kind. It was a good lesson
for them, too, to see a girl no older
than themselves bravely entering upon
a life of hardship and danger, with sim-
ple, womanly courage. They soon for-
got Harriet's stiff little ways, and ad-
mired her strength of character.

"The Heavens Woman's Friend" is
getting quite popular," said a student
one day, with the least sneer on her
pretty lips.

"Miss Fancher is my friend," respond-
ed Bess Kingsley, warmly, and the
speaker never repeated the epithet.

So it came about that the Woman's
Board of Lowrie seminary really sent
a missionary to India, although their
avowed aim was "fun," and not mis-
sionary work.—Youth's Companion.

A Sure Thing.

Visitor—He is a freshman, you say?

Stranger—Yes. I should think you
would guess that from his appear-
ance.

"Why?"

"He looks so much wiser than the
professors."—Philadelphia Press.

HUMOROUS.

—A Good Scheme.—"Mrs. Bigsby lets
her husband practice on his cornet at
home." "What's that for?" "It gives
her an excuse to be away all the time."
—Chicago Record.

—Doctor—"You want some strength-
ening medicine, sir." Mr. Mulligan
(emphatically)—"O! do that, doctor.
Sure, my wife is much stronger than
I am, an' she bates me ommercifully."
—Fun.

—Mr. Dukane—"That man yonder
seems very pensive. Do you suppose
he is in love?" Mr. Gaswell—"Oh, no;
that's impossible. I know him very
well. He's married." — Pittsburgh
Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"What possible fascination can
there be about Arctic exploration?"
"Well, for one thing, they have such a
long night there that no one can object
to a man staying out occasionally."—
Philadelphia North American.

—When the tempest broke the roof
of the barn struck the tenderfoot on the
chest, a haystack fell on his head and a
cord of wood pinned his feet to the
ground. Tears sprang to his eyes. "It
reminds me," he sighed, "of sitting in
a crowded trolley car when it goes
around a curve."—Detroit Journal.

—"How is Diggles getting along? I
haven't seen him for a long time."
"Worse than usual," was the reply, in
tones of the deepest sympathy. "Very
much worse than usual, poor fellow!"
"Are you sure of that?" "Certain. I re-
cently had my salary reduced, and I
can't lend him nearly as much as I used
to."—Washington Star.

—She—"Well, whatever you may say
of Mr. Perkins, I think it was nice of
him to give his wife credit for every suc-
cess he has had." He—"But, my dear
Miss Gladys, you seem not to have ob-
served the fact that Perkins fails at
everything."—Brooklyn Life.

—During the reign of Charles II. one
Sig. Leti proposed to write a history of
the court. "You will give offense?"
urged his friends. "Were I as wise as
Solomon," said Leti, "I could not avoid
that." "Then be as wise," rejoined the
king, who was present, "and write prob-
ers, and not history." — Household
Words.

MARK TWAIN'S ANIMAL FRIENDS.

The Humorist's Love of Four-Footed
Creatures.

Toward the whole world of domestic
animals he has a heart of unmeasured
sympathy and tender kindness. He is
in particular a lover of cats, and will
hardly meet one anywhere without
pausing to give it friendly attention;
while for the cats of his own house-
hold his devoted fondness comes near
to being passionate. He cannot bear
to see a horse touched with the whip.

The present writer, when in his com-
pany abroad, riding with him behind a
sleepy nag moping along just out of a
walk on a level road, has seen him, on
noticing the driver unwind his lash
preparatory to quickening the speed,
stay Jehu's hand with: "Never mind
that! We are going fast enough. We
are in no hurry."

One afternoon while we were toiling
up the long path from the Riffel hotel
to the Gerner Grät, we came upon a
bunch of sheep, a lamb of which, as we
were passing, left its dam and inquir-
ingly ventured some distance toward
us; whereupon Mark seated himself on
a convenient boulder, and with out-
stretched hand and other attentions
began trying to call it up to him.

On the lamb's part it was a contest between
curiosity and timidity, but in the suc-
cession of advances and retreats that
followed it gained in confidence, though
at a very gradual rate.

It was a picture to remember; the
great American humorist on one side
of the game, and that little creature on
the other, with Matterhorn for a back-
ground. One could but think what the
nations of Mark's readers would say
to it. He was reminded that the time
he was consuming in that amiable
diversion was valuable—but to no pur-
pose. The Gerner Grät could wait.

He held on with undiminished persev-
erance, till, to his extreme satisfac-
tion, he finally carried his point. His
pleasure in the incident was keen, and
outlasted the day.—Joseph H. Twich-
ell, in Harper's Magazine.

Cream of Barley.

Place a well-washed neck of mutton
in a saucepan, add two quarts cold water
and half cupful barley (the coarse kind
is best for this), set saucepan over
the fire, and when it boils add one
onion, half cupful fine cut celery, half
white turnip, half small carrot, two
sprigs of parsley and half tablespoonful
salt. Cover the saucepan tightly
and boil slowly, till the meat separates
from the bone; then strain the broth,
remove every particle of fat. Season
to taste with salt. Mix the yolk of one
egg in a small saucepan with three
tablespoonfuls of cream; add half pint
of the above broth, stir over the fire till
nearly boiling. Care must be taken
not to let it boil. This soup is nourish-
ing and delicious. The broth may be
served plain, with little milk or cream,
or without it; what is left can be set
in a cool place; it will keep for several
days.—St. Louis Republic.

Hot Shot.

Dora (sweetly)—Fred didn't blow his
brains out because you jilted him the
other night; he came right over and
proposed to me.

Maud (super-sweetly)—Did he? Then
he must have got rid of his brains some
other way.—London Tit-Bits.

Tommy's Jest.

"Hello!" exclaimed Tommy: "there
goes one of them horseless carriages."
"Where?" shouted Aunt Maria, rush-
ing to the window.

"Why, right 'cross the way, a-ty; don't
you see that it is drawn by
mules?"—Boston Transcript.

When He Does.

A coal dealer lays up his treasures in
Heaven when he goes out of his weigh
to oblige a poor widow. — Tammany
Times.

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2 cent Certificate, blue, full perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Express, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Express, blue, part perforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Playing Cards, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, imperforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, blue, part perforate.....	10 cents
2 cent Proprietary, orange, full perforate.....	10 cents
3 cent Playing Card, green, imperforate.....	20 cents
3 cent Playing Card, green, full perforate.....	20 cents
4 cent Proprietary, violet, part perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Express, red, imperforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Playing Card, red, perforate.....	10 cents
5 cent Proprietary, perforate.....	10 cents
6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate.....	50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, imperforate.....	50 cents
10 cent Bill of Lading, blue, part perforate.....	50 cents
25 cent Bond, imperforate.....	50 cents
40 cent Inland Exchange, imperforate.....	50 cents
50 cent Probate of Will, imperforate.....	50 cents
70 cent Foreign Exchange, green, imperforate.....	50 cents
\$1 Life Insurance, imperforate.....	50 cents
\$1 Manifest, imperforate.....	50 cents
\$1 Mortgage, full perforate.....	50 cents
1 00 Passage Ticket, imperforate.....	1 50
1 50 Foreign Exchange, orange, imperforate.....	2 00
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